

Beverly of Graustark

By
GEORGE BARR
MCUTCHEON,
Author of "Graustark".

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(Continued From Last Week.)

AS SOON as he was about to open the door through which he had entered the room it swung wide and Count Mariana stood in the doorway, looking him over and then proceeded on his way without paying the slightest attention to the commanding figure of the army. Mariana came to an abrupt stop, and his face flushed with resentment.

"Halt," he said sharply. "You know enough to be afraid, Harry."

"I do," Harry knew enough to smile meekly.

Baldos turned instantly, his figure straightening as he did so, and then met those of the Iron Count who did not waver, although his face went white with passion.

"And who are you, sir?" he asked in cold, stony tones. The count almost reeled.

"Your superior officer! That should be enough for you!" he half hissed, with deadly levity.

"Then I see no reason why you should not continue to stand here," he saluted his superior officer a shade too elaborate, and turned away. Mariana's eyes glinted.

"Stop! Have I not told you to go?"

"My command to go comes from your superior sir," said Baldos with firmness and blandness.

"He does not command," cried Beverly in deep distress. "He does not know any better. He will stand for you no more. He is a light step, his blood singing, his devil-may-care heart satisfied. The look in his eyes is a challenge. I have left the castle he said about the castle with an even disregard of the consequences.

"Well, if it seems that I am to be associated with the devil as well as with angels, Heaven's June is a glorious month."

"Now, you proudest you'd be nice to him, General Mariana," cried Beverly the instant Baldos was out of the room. "He's not bad. This sort of man you know, he's besides the point, and addresses him very politely for an utter stranger."

"The honest count" snarled Mariana his soft control returning slowly. "He shall be taught well and thoroughly, never from Miss Calhoun. There is a way to train him, and I will do it. They never forget what they have learned."

"Oh, please don't be harsh with him," she pleaded. The smile of the Iron Count was not at all reassuring.

"I know he will be sorry for what he has done," she said.

"I am quite sure he will be sorry," said he, with a most agreeable bow in addition to the smile.

"Do you want to see Mr. Lorry?" she asked quickly. "I will send for him, general." She was at the door, impatience in her eyes.

"My business with Mr. Lorry can wait," he began, with a smile meant to be insincere, but which did not impress her at all personally.

"Well, anyway, I'll tell him you're here," she said, her hand on the door knob, as she went through the long halls and up broad staircase toward the boudoir of the princesses. There is no time to waste, and Beverly's countenance remained the enigma, for the excited Beverly forgot to tell Lorry that he was there.

There were half a dozen people in the room when Beverly entered eagerly, his face flushed with excitement. Of all the roomies in the castle, the boudoir of the princess was the most famously attractive. It was real love and admiration for the qualities of an exquisite creature. To lounge on her divans, to lie in the chairs, to sit in the armchairs, to dream the sense of indolent pleasure. Few women who enjoyed the privileges of "pink heaven" as Harry Anguish had claimed, had been so happy. It was night long before the princess was Mrs. Grundy Lorry.

"How do you feel?" cried the flushed American girl, pausing in the door to point an impressive finger at the man who was lying back in a huge chair, the back of his head to the wall.

"I have the kind of culprit who loves the law, and he's because of the crime."

"I can't get him to look back in the face again," sobbed Dagnell from Yettie's bundled lips.

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Baldos was smiling in spite of the aspersions of the others, who unquestionably had had a jumbled account of the performance.

"You are just what you deserved," said Harry, who was immensely amused.

"I wonder what you are vagabonds," said Harry, "but I am sure her ladies in bidding?" mused Harry Anguish.

The Count and Countess Mariana were smiling in spite of the aspersions of the others, who unquestionably had had a jumbled account of the performance.

"I'd give anything to know what he really thinks," said the real princess.

"You know he's been going to the Iron Count's castle, and he's been out of that room?"

"I thought it was great," said Beverly, her eyes glowing. "Wasn't it splendid?"

"It's good looking. I imagine. But it's a Judge's deer. It was a terrible impossible for me to look at his face," lamented the princess.

"What are we going to do with us?" asked Dagnell pensively.

"You are going to spend the remainder of

your life in a dungeon, with Baldos as guard," decided Miss Calhoun.

"Beverly, dear, that man is no ordinary person," said the princess quite positively.

"Of course he isn't. He's a tall, thin man."

"I observed that as he crossed the terrace this morning," said Lorry. "It's a striking sort of chap, and I'll bet my life he's a fugitive."

"He claims to be a fugitive, but with a wise smile."

"Do you think he may be Prince Frederic?" asked Lorry, deeply interested.

"I am inclined to think so, although another complication has arisen. Miss Calhoun, I will tell you, is amanently tangled state of mind," advised Lorry, passing his hand over his brow.

"Do you know that another mystery man has come to life?" asked Yettie, her eyes sparkling with interest in the revelations.

"Baldos is a mere pretender," cried Lorry.

"At any rate, he is not what he pretends to be," said the baron, with a wise smile.

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CHRONICKS.

In the postmaster and his staff had
nothing to do with bringing on the
Posto Bonnet. They ought to have
known that he had come to town
to expect to bring to us to him to tell
us every time a mistake is brought
to our notice, and we have not yet
become reduced to that condition of
misery. We have not yet told them what we have
to run out and ask some one to tell
us what to write about.

Now that we have learned that the
postmaster reads this excellent family
journal, we were compelled to immediately
inform him of his omission to bring
twice within a month have we found
letter and papers in a small bag
told us to carry the paper
to the office in. We have put
on out the bag to make sure there
were none of Little Poole's (of
Winnipeg) letters in it, when I
asked the owners of those letters even
what have of getting them? At this moment
there is lying on our desk a post
card from the postmaster of Little
Hed. Hiding Hood's Mother's
Tract, a paper addressed to "Mr.
James C. Compton, Altona, Minn.
(etc.)" Strathcona, Alta., written in
exceptionally clear hand. An isolated
mistake will crop in now and
again but when the postmaster
is it or that they were secured
with such frequency as to justify all we
said and more.

Even though we cited of dissatisfaction
with the post office service we were
brought voluntarily to our notice. We
did not seek out of them. We
had no cause to complain and
sought no cause for attack on any
man or woman connected with the in-
stitution. The post office is cold and
cold about an unkind and in-
table attack is like her usual croak-
ing—mooing. We can furnish the
name of every person who will
continue to exercise our right to
be the judge of whom they will not
give to us and we can furnish
the Little Poole Bonnet for them.

The Plaindealer is entitled to a chance
to show how consistent it can be in
regard to men occupying public offices
and making money on the job let us
mention the case of Mr. John T. Hall.

On March 6, Mr. Northup, of East
Hastings, brought up the case of

Mr. John T. Hall, who had carried

through a long deal giving him some

\$30,000 profit and had been sent to

the postmaster to be received by the
purchaser. And we may say for
the benefit of the man who wrote the
letter that he is a member of the
post office and that he is a member of
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the government of Alberta.

It is a reflection on the intelligence
and manliness of every merchant
in the city who has sold

and while lecturing in a con-
gregational church in Winnipeg.

Serves him right to smoke to

smoke to smoke to smoke to smoke to